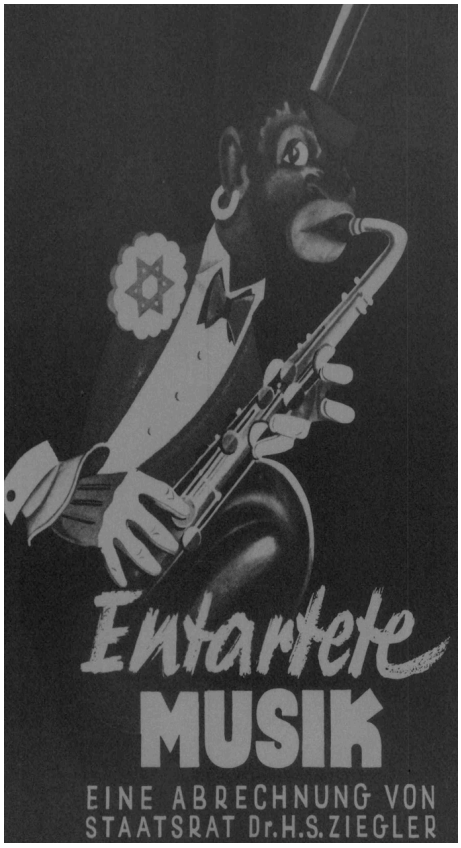
Degenerate Music:
A Critique



by State Councilor Dr. Hans Severus Ziegler, General Director of the German National Theater in Weimar

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"A person who knows the facts, is aware of a particular danger, and sees with his own eyes the possibility of a remedy, has a sacred duty and obligation not to work 'behind the scenes,' but to stand up against this evil in full view of the public and advocate for its cure - if he fails to do so, he is a wretched weakling who has forgotten his duty, failing either out of cowardice, or out of laziness and incompetence."

- Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, page 399

The exhibition “Degenerate Music” at the 1938 Reich Music Festival in Düsseldorf was awaited with a sense of particular anticipation, and perhaps even with somewhat mixed feelings.
One may be certain that my sense of responsibility in this sphere—a sphere of outstanding culture and art—is no less than the sense of responsibility felt by a National Socialist politician in the purely political spheres, where, admittedly, all fundamental questions have been resolved more swiftly and radically; National Socialism, however, has asserted its claim to totality over all spheres of German life, and will never renounce it.

We have experienced an ideological revolution which, given its immense scope, is of course far from over; the turning point has indeed been reached, but the transformation in all aspects of this life is not yet complete - as a statesman and reformer of the German national character, the Führer did not seek to create a new German identity merely by giving state life a new form, but rather, he demanded a revolutionization of the whole human being and his very nature, for after a long period of degeneration, it was clear from the outset that years and decades of intensive educational work would be necessary to bring about a fully valid spiritual, psychological, and moral renewal of Germany.
The German people, given their racial composition, have always been relatively uncertain in their instincts, and this lack of instinctive certainty—both in the most primitive and elementary questions of political life, and even more so in the higher national questions of “race and national character” in the cultural spheres—makes the German process of renewal unusually difficult; in addition to the lack of instinct for the inner and outer necessities of life, it was also the lack of will to live itself that has often called our existence as a nation into question, and even led us to self-denial and self-abandonment - it is obvious that a people who could not even muster the strength to decide between political and economic enslavement or freedom also lacked the strength to resist spiritual enslavement and intellectual poisoning.

If today the problem of degenerate music is tackled—a move that some contemporaries view as bold and audacious—I emphasize from the outset that this is done, and must be done, from the lofty vantage point of National Socialist cultural policy.
The first prerequisite for the cultural politician, of course, remains—in accordance with the Führer’s demand—the artistic person, an artistically oriented nature, and a strong intuitive ability; above all, however, the gift of synthetic vision, which gives him precedence over many specialists and analytically minded people.
It is neither the will of the President of the Reich Chamber of Culture, Reich Minister Dr. Goebbels, nor the wish of the Head of the Music Department in the Reich Ministry of Propaganda, Dr. Drewes, nor my own intention that, with the exhibition organized by General Music Director Paul Sixt and myself, I should launch attacks against individual livelihoods or even make it more difficult for German men of music to earn a living; the perspective from which I am making these advances is intended to ensure that I wish to contribute to clarification in the interest of the present as well as in the interest of the next generation, and that I desire nothing more ardently than a clean atmosphere and free, fresh air in which Germany’s creative and post-creative musicians can live and work more freely in the future.
I am convinced that much of what is said here draws a line under certain issues which many who are too naive or too uncritical believe to be, in essence, long since outdated; furthermore, I believe I am offering inspiration in some respects and providing food for thought in a certain direction - there is one thing I certainly cannot and do not wish to do, however: namely, prescribe formulas or even outline laws for the reorganization of German musical life.

In the truly creative process, the decision rests solely with the fully creative individual—the artist who shapes through his inspiration and gifted talent, who seeks to make the German soul resound, and seeks to reveal the German essence through his or her artwork; however, it is my conviction that it is no insignificant task to create, through purposeful education, a receptive audience for the creative individual among the people and the youth—an audience whose response the solitary creator is entitled to as the most outstanding of his fellow countrymen; it is also an equally important undertaking to impart the true German essence as intensively as possible to the next generation of musicians, from whom creative talents may one day emerge.

He who believes that the excessive individualism of the liberal past—which has been eliminated from all aspects of national life—should be allowed to persist in the realm of art has no proper understanding of the mission and scope of National Socialism; he knows nothing of National Socialism who holds the view that politics has nothing to do with art, and that, in the new spiritual and moral orientation of the newly born people, the questions of the individual artistic fields could remain outside consideration.

To engage in politics means: to care for the life of a people and to ensure healthy development in all areas of national existence; to engage in cultural policy, however, means: caring for the soul of the people and nurturing both its creative powers and all the national values of character and disposition that we summarize under the general term “national character.”

Both the politician and the cultural politician have the same goal: the creation of a strong nation, the securing of both its material and spiritual foundations, and the safeguarding of its existence externally and the deepening of its existence internally; as an educator, however, the artist cannot do without a thorough historical education and a deep artistic formation, for this is true above all else: just as the political man had to free himself entirely from that hideous mindset of democracy and Bolshevism, along with separating himself uncompromisingly from every element of destruction, and just as the German who thought and acted in terms of state politics, in the wake of Adolf Hitler, had to radically break away from a life that had become inwardly worn down and rotten, so too, in the higher life of the nation, in the world of artistic activity—insofar as cultural reconstruction is at stake—every person of responsibility had to seek to free themselves uncompromisingly from all the destructive spirits that, through their constant domination of public life by means of propaganda and their pseudo-art, had disastrously destroyed national life as a whole.

Anyone with even a modicum of clear thinking must know today that Judaism has, ever since the time of Heinrich Heine and Ludwig Börne, acted as a ferment of decomposition and as a mocker of all German virtues and fundamental values of character, and that the most sophisticated work of destroying political life has indeed been carried out precisely through the means of literature, pseudo-science, the arts, and the press; these connections, preached and proven a thousand times over by the Führer, have ultimately been revealed so that all German people may draw the necessary conclusions and become vigilant.

It is not difficult to see that Jewish literature, from Heinrich Heine to the Jewish professionals after the World War—whose prophet was Alfred Kerr—have worked with extraordinary consistency and precision - if I state this truism, then as a politically conscious artist and cultural politician I must also take the next step and consider the connections in the fields adjacent to literature—namely in the fields of music, the visual arts, and architecture—and examine them with the same thoroughness as I have done here; otherwise, we would have to reproach ourselves for half-heartedness and a lack of consistency in thought and action.

Indeed, I consider it high time—or at least, in this commemorative year of Richard Wagner, that the time has come—to recall the fact that Richard Wagner portrayed Judaism in music with some degree of clarity to his beloved Germans nearly three generations ago; however, even those without training in history or cultural history still have the opportunity to draw conclusions about conditions in a given field based on the elementary insights disseminated by the Führer regarding "race" and "the people", and by examining the most blatant manifestations of cultural Bolshevism in degenerate literature and art— which, with the best will in the world, cannot be regarded as lying outside any political or cultural-political events since, after all, it is precisely music, which is at issue here, that is one of the most sacred realms of our entire inner existence as a people, and one of the central realms of our lives.

What the literary historian Adolf Bartels explains regarding the development of German literature, we must also apply to the other fields of art, for, as he has always emphasized, degeneration cannot be attributed solely to Jewish influence: it would be too convenient to regard, for example, capitalism as an invention of Judaism and the liberal-capitalist development as solely the fault of the Jews.

But this much is certain: Judaism has played a very significant role in promoting this development, and has ultimately become the main proponent of capitalism and its international forms - in the deliberate subversion of all the values and ideas of the host nation, the Jew has, so to speak, left no area untouched, especially since he was welcomed with open arms everywhere.

Since the Jewish people are primarily commercially inclined and master the arts of business with consummate skill, it inevitably followed that they would also incorporate the cultural spheres into the realm of their commercial thinking, branding all matters of culture and art, as well as the objects of politics, as commodities; this disastrous conduct explains the ever-increasing materialization of all German institutions, which had often arisen from the purest idealism and gradually became a Jewish monopoly - there was essentially no significant difference between the mindset of a Jewish professor of German studies, medicine, or the natural sciences and that of a Jewish banker.

What Heinrich Heine or Ludwig Borne preached and extolled during the Romantic era stems from the same intellectual foundation as the literary craft of an Alfred Kerr or Tucholsky - at most, the artistic Jew is characterized by the particularly striking traits of vanity and a craving to be in the spotlight, which are perhaps less developed in the purely business-minded Jew; for all of them, however, publicity was ultimately everything, and in the art of window dressing, a Wertheim differed only marginally from a Max Reinhardt.

Judaism, which became increasingly emancipated at the beginning of the 19th century and was fully unleashed after 1848, never tired, out of its racial will, of intruding into every thought process and every emotional life of the German people, along with talking the Germans into new ideas—namely those of the Jewish race—regarding the matters of life; the most disastrous activity of the Jews of the 19th century, however, must surely be seen in their unceasing attempts to separate the people from their creative powers, from their talents and geniuses, and thus to remove them from the most vivid examples of race and nationhood.

Every people can borrow from its geniuses the standards necessary for all questions - in this we see the mission of geniuses as the greatest educators and as the representatives of the eternally valid laws of the national character; if the people and the geniuses become estranged from one another, and elements alien in nature and character intrude between these two groups—elements that either silence the talents and geniuses and falsify them as supposed mediators, or dictate rules of life alien to the people—then the concepts of this people, severed from its geniuses, must gradually become confused, especially since

immature and very young peoples with relatively little tradition cannot manage at all without faithful advisors.
From this we now witness, in the second half of the 19th century and continuing beyond the World War, the progressive, horrific alienation from the better self, from one's own essence, from all historical values, from the creative personality.

Let us not underestimate how far things had progressed just a few years before the war - after all, the Jew Moritz Goldstein lamented in 1911:

"We Jews administer the intellectual heritage of a people that denies us the ability and right to do so."

But who at that time understood Adolf Bartels, who fearlessly replied to this Moritz Goldstein and characterized the Jews not as "stewards" but as "rapers" of German cultural heritage? The decline, however, had already progressed so far that only small groups of German youth listened to men like Bartels, most of whom then remained forever on the fields of France.
Should the situation in music not have looked just as bleak as in literature and the visual arts, given that Bartels, in his famous speech on German decline delivered in Berlin in January 1913, exclaimed: "They are sucking the marrow from our bones and stealing our souls"? From a people whose soul is stolen, one also steals the music, and one day, nothing will be sacred to them that was sacred to their ancestors - a people that allows its emotional and spiritual values to be trampled upon daily without raising a voice in protest, a people that allows treasures such as the folk song to be ruined, thereby allowing itself to be mocked, also loses all moral resistance in political and, ultimately, economic matters; a people that could be mocked by an Alfred Kerr, who, before the adoption of the Dawes Plan, cynically remarked that it did not follow the old Germanic motto: "Better dead than a slave," but rather, in his view, much better: "Better three times a slave than dead"; a people that allowed Ernst Toller to sully its heroes of the World War with the view that the ideal of heroism was "the stupidest ideal"— such a people no longer has any pure and unclouded senses for any phenomenon whatsoever, neither for the sound of the mother tongue, nor for the elemental sound of the folk song, and certainly not for the elemental power in a single musical thought of a classical masterpiece.
A people that cheers almost hysterically for "Jonny spielt auf" (*Jonny Plays On*), who has long been making fools of them, or at the very least watches it without any sense of instinct, has become so sick in soul and mind, and so confused and impure within that it can no longer have any room left for the infinite and ever-shocking purity, simplicity, and depth of feeling in the opening bars of the "Freischütz" overture - this is not merely a biological-medical or even merely an aesthetic question, no, this is a matter of national honor that we cannot avoid, and that we must finally highlight with the utmost clarity.

If Richard Wagner, in his treatise *Judaism in Music*, already pointed out the charlatans and shallow imitators of the Jewish musical output of his time, and demonstrated the solidarity with which Judaism fought against all German music and its creators at a time when the Jewish composer, for good reasons, still maintained a certain stylistic standard, we, Wagner's descendants, should all the more be astute in exposing the far more clumsy charlatans of the recent past who have dominated our opera and concert life for decades; however, our fundamental flaw has always been that we have learned nothing from political history or cultural history, and we have drifted along without instinct in a torrent of currents and influences whose sources would be so easy to identify with a little thoroughness.

One is often seized by horror when one considers that we have allowed ourselves to be gifted with poetry, music, and images by a foreign people of whom we know full well that they have always harbored an infernal hatred for all things Germanic, as we called this an enrichment of our culture—we, who regard all artistic creation as a spiritual revelation, as a revelation of infinite love for the people, for the beauty of the fatherland, and for the sublimity of our deity.
What unbridgeable contradictions these were—yet they were talked out of us by the most cunning jugglers and the most agile artists, and bridged with illusory constructs! The hatred of that side toward all things Germanic has had such a poisonous effect that many of us began to hate as well, or at the very least began to speak disrespectfully and irreverently of our own Germanic masters, and in doing so, we lost a good portion of our self-respect, and would have nearly forfeited the world's respect for us as a nation had it not been for the stirring act of the Führer.
We thus see clearly: cultural issues are, at their core, matters of honor, and I do not believe it is a disgrace if, in comradely unity, we deepen our existing national insights, correct existing errors, and publicly call out shortcomings—shortcomings that, in such a national development process, certainly could not be rectified overnight: what matters is not how quickly we eliminate them, but that we muster the honest will to take decisive steps and carry out a final, clean break.

There are many ways and methods to carry this out - the most important is education and visual instruction, which can take place in lectures as well as in writings, but also in exhibitions; the Führer, for example, provided such radical education through visual means in the field of degenerate art last year through the well-known exhibition, and it is certain that no fellow citizen could have escaped it.
In the field of music, this education is of course much more difficult, because here the visual material is available to a much lesser extent; however, anyone who is able to see connections—or who has even acquired a particularly trained eye for them through years of study and experience—can easily infer, for example in the field of opera music, from the obviously degenerate "poetry" of the libretto, a decadent personality responsible for the textual monstrosity, thus exposing the composer's mindset—no power on earth, save perhaps a Jewish publishing power, could induce or even compel him to enter into a marriage with the librettist.
I'll put it in general terms: tell me who writes your libretto, and I'll tell you what you are!
In light of works from the recent past, the answer will very often have to be, at the very least, lacking in instinct; other times though, the answer will be: that one has the same mindset and the same sort as the librettist.
"It has long pained me to see you in such company!" - I have often had to exclaim this with Gretchen in recent decades[1], just as it has become equally clear to me that everyone has the librettist and finds the director and set designer they deserve; that everyone then also got the press they deserved goes without saying.

What has been compiled in the exhibition "Degenerate Music" presents the image of a veritable witches' sabbath of the most frivolous, intellectual-artistic cultural Bolshevism, an image of the triumph of subhumanity, arrogant Jewish insolence, and complete intellectual stupidity - and yet, at the same time, I cannot help but at least hint at the aftereffects that can still be found in today's musical life, even if they are gradually on the verge of disappearing.

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[1] This is in reference to Goethe's *Faust*, where this line is exclaimed; this is not uttered by Gretchen however, but by Margarete towards Faust when discussing his involvement with Mephistopheles. - The Translator

It is obvious that the rule established by Adolf Bartels—that literature should correspond to the national character, and thus Jewish and German literature are two distinct things—should be applied equally to all other arts - Jewish music and German music should therefore also remain two distinct things.
But if, in the course of development, Jewish musical laws, legal constructs, spurious doctrines, Jewish sound physics and sound psychology, gain a certain dominance even among German-blooded musicians—such that thoughtless German imitators who, out of their own weakness and lack of creative and imaginative power, cannot escape the influences of an inferior culture— then a degeneration of the German musical community and of musical creation will inevitably arise - degenerate music is then, in essence, de-Germanized music, for which the healthy part of the people will have no receptivity, no feeling, and no receptiveness; it will ultimately become the object of snobbish glorification or purely intellectual contemplation by more or less decadent literati and scribblers, who have, of course, celebrated veritable orgies in the music journals *Melos* and *Anbruch*.
If we open *Anbruch* today—for example, the 1930 issue, and without anger or zeal, that is—an issue which, from a year in which we in Thuringia already had our first National Socialist minister in Dr. Frick, in which we had already cleansed the Weimar Castle Museum of the worst excesses of degenerate art, and in which Krenek's scandalous opera "Leben des Orest" (*The Life of Orestes*) was performed in Leipzig to thunderous applause from a predominantly Jewish audience, one might be inclined to overlook with a lofty smile the polished drivel written at the time by a critic about this premiere—a critic who, moreover, goes by the highly binding name "Redlich."
Just how degenerate criticism of those days praised degenerate music is made clear enough by that "honest" review of Krenek's *The Life of Orestes* - there, this thoroughly rotten work is praised as the culmination of that "ideological development" which "began with the collectivism of 'Zwingburg' and gave its central problem of human freedom in 'Orest' an aesthetically convincing form"; this Redlich believes that the perspective through which antiquity is viewed here, and the stylistic nuance with which "an ancient myth is rendered in a non-literary, ahistorical, anti-aesthetic, and in the purest sense of the word, purely human manner," and "the simple interpretation, immensely evident in its clarity, accorded here to the barbaric symbolism of ancient mythological connections"—that all of this "points to a complete transformation of our attitude toward the ideal original meaning of antiquity."
Listen! "The façade of classical Greek culture" has "vanished"; everything is "enveloped in the atmosphere of a diatonically simple music that knows how to manage without essential contrapuntal connections, without leitmotif technique, without doctrinal principles of harmonic construction"; it is, as the writer—with his command of foreign terms—continues, "a music of the most precise proportions, of the most exact dramatic overlaps, preforming, in its complexity and the elasticity of its emergence and disappearance behind the text, something like a new style of expression."
This Mr. Redlich, writing with such clarity, then praises the "wonderful transparency" of Krenek's music and "the sharp, often exaggeratedly drawn sound contours of the orchestra, which reflects the tonal-poetic ideas of an Arcadian sense of nature (i.e., visceral sensation) just as convincingly as the superlative garishness of the fairground"; "Entirely novel is the thoroughly thematic, constructive use of the banjo, which goes far beyond the usual jazz coloration: the washed-out, pale accordion-like tone of the harmonium; the almost continuo-like use of the solo piano, and the strikingly drastic treatment of the high woodwinds and percussion"; "The singing voice, in contrasting modes of its genre, appears to be placed at the very center; the coloristic use of the choir as a humming voice, and its tectonic use as an acoustic poster that fills the dramatic voids between acts with programmatic proclamations, is as novel as it is effective; the rhythmic framework of the opera is composed primarily of elements from the realm of jazz.

These are all to be regarded here as the natural expression of a time-bound, acoustic atmosphere that Krenek did not wish to constructively conceal in any measure."
That is Redlich, and I can assure you that it took a genuine effort on my part, with my limited eloquence, to wade through this jumble of utter nonsense - it is, however, a classic example of a thousand others, and vividly highlights the chaos that reigned in the art and press world at the time.
These same writers had berated a German audience that would not tolerate trash like *Mahagonny* or *Jonny* or *Orest* or *The Soldier's Tale*, provoking theater scandals, while on the other hand they praised, for example, "the good manners of the Kassel theater audience," which (hear the cynical tone) "to its credit, displayed exemplary discipline and was deeply captivated by the work" - "strongly captivated by the work," incidentally, is a beautiful turn of phrase in German.
Otherwise, another mocks the "honorable bourgeois," just as, to pick another example from the wealth of history, one derided the Max Reger Society "as a sort of musical revaluation party of the expropriated bourgeoisie" - this was the year 1930, in the first half of which the following world premieres of a telling nature took place in Leipzig, Berlin, and Frankfurt: *The Life of Orestes* by Krenek, "Von heute auf morgen" (*From One Day to the Next*) by the Jew Schönberg, "Fremde Erde" (*Foreign Land*) by the Jew Carol Rathaus, "Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny" (*The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*) by the Jew Kurt Weill, "Achtung! Aufnahme!" (*Attention! Recording!*) by the Jew Wilhelm Groß, "Transatlantik" (*Transatlantic*) by the Jew George Antheil, "Christoph Colombe" (*Christopher Columbus*) by the Jew Darius Milhaud, and "Der Fächer" (*The Fan*) by the Jew Ernst Toch (the latter in Königsberg).
It is not my task to point out paths of research to qualified music theorists; my duty, however, is to encourage an approach to all existing problems that is as natural and fundamental as possible, and to establish a basic demand—especially for the specialists—namely that the pure and purified sensibility of the German people should once again be the deciding factor where it has hitherto been deliberately excluded, after it had previously been thoroughly confused and clouded.
Our German sentiment has made us and our ancestors happy for decades and centuries on end in the experience of the greatest Germanic masterpieces - it is to this sentiment, as well as to a sound understanding of art, that we appeal today with the utmost urgency if a clean separation is to be carried out.

What does the Führer mean, deep down, when he speaks of "eternal Germany"? He has always done so when referring to the masterpieces of the geniuses who, for centuries, have drawn strength from our nation and our people in the deepest creative distress - faith in these is synonymous with faith in the future.
Our concern is not that we might lose Bach, Beethoven, or Wagner - rather, it is solely that the countless individuals of the present and the next generation—whose spirits have been shaken or unsettled by war, wartime hardship, and a general national malaise—may regain their composure and insight; anyone who carries even a spark of idealism and insight into the beautiful, the true, and the sublime in their heart can effortlessly find their bearings and lift themselves up through what has come down to us from the heyday of Classicism and Romanticism, for no nation on earth has achieved such unparalleled poetic and musical heights as the German, and we have every reason to be proud and reverent enough not to squander this heritage lightly.
Let us stand protectively before the great figures of our people with spiritual armor and weapons whenever some notoriously sterile music critic or so-called composer, who lacks ideas due to a lack of

creative musical imagination, seeks to disregard the theories of the masters and shatter their entirely natural sonic demands - do we not have in Adolf Hitler the greatest educational example of the fact that politics cannot be conducted on the basis of abstract doctrines and in denial of what has historically come to be, but rather that sound politics always listens to the organic weaving and growth within the national character, and traces the natural lines of life along which a national body must develop?
No other laws apply to the art of a people, whose development must take place organically; it may sound all too simple, but the secret of all knowledge lies, after all, in simplicity: if the greatest masters of music have conceived and created within tonality, and from the quite obviously Germanic element of the triad, then we have a right to brand as dilettantes and charlatans those who throw these fundamental laws of sound overboard and, through whatever combinations of sound, seek to improve or expand them—though in reality, to devalue them.

It strikes me as frivolous to want to teach the German people, of all people—whose ear has been cultivated to the highest degree by our masters—a new way of hearing; there is still much to be done in German music education to teach young people to listen to Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the masters of the 19th century in such a way that they regard this music as the daily bread of their souls - to preach atonality, when the tonal musical heritage—in the full scope and breadth of its immense cultural domain—is still far from having become common knowledge among the people, would amount to a criminal misappropriation of German history and its most valuable artistic heritage, and would also constitute counterfeiting.
I join a number of leading musical experts and cultural policymakers in the view that atonality, as the result of the destruction of tonality, signifies degeneration and artistic Bolshevism, and since atonality, moreover, has its foundation in the theory of harmony of the Jew Arnold Schoenberg, I declare it to be the product of the Jewish mind: whoever partakes of it will perish from it, and while whoever enters the school of Beethoven can never cross the threshold of Schönberg's workshop, whoever has lingered longer in this workshop of Schönberg's necessarily loses the sense of the purity of the German genius Beethoven.
Whoever does not think uncompromisingly in this regard does so at his own peril and must one day perish spiritually and creatively, and those who pay homage to "progress at any price" and so-called "modernism" in order to be regarded as modern by literati, rather than to find a hearing among the people, should finally recognize that true progress has never emanated from the so-called "zeitgeist"—this Jewish invention—but solely from strong, creative personalities, for they alone are the pacemakers of the development of nations - what Jewish democracy and Marxism have peddled to us as "progress" and "zeitgeist" was either the doctrine of primitivism and a return to the most animalistic and naked instinctual life—that is, a turning away from all culture—or a supposedly witty juggling of buzzwords designed to appeal to the tastes of the day.

Now, someone might come along who, while acknowledging the art Bolshevism promoted by Judaism in poetry and in the libretti of certain operas, operettas, and songs, will declare it to be non-existent or unverifiable in music itself - it is first of all indisputably clear that the Jewish language, including the so-called "poetic" variety, has a very specific Jewish word melody and verse melody, which must then also be reflected in the composition as a particular tonal melody; a mumbled text cannot be translated into beloved German through music, not even by a composer of German blood, and certainly not by a composer of weak blood.

With the silly text and lyricist, the composer too slips downward, into a foreign world, to a deeper level - let such finer investigations, however, be left to linguistics and musicology.
This degeneration becomes even clearer following the intrusion of the brutal jazz rhythm and jazz sound into the Germanic musical world - but first, I would like to dispel a frequently encountered misunderstanding from the outset: I do not in the least intend, in the fight against atonal music, to take issue with dissonances or, for that matter, with an accumulation of dissonances, since every art aesthete is, of course, familiar with the law of opposites; nor are we taking issue with an enrichment of the rhythmic, although one may justifiably assume, with some qualification, that the masters of the 19th century most likely exhausted all rhythmic possibilities long ago, and in any case instinctively and consciously refrained from incorporating foreign rhythms.
If we cannot make do with an emotional decision regarding tonality or atonality, we can also approach the problem through logical thinking, for which philosophy offers us the means - by appropriating art through the means of pure thought, philosophy creates the field of the philosophy of art or aesthetics.
On this subject, General Music Director Dr. Ernst Nobbe made the following remarks two years ago at the 67th Composers' Festival in Weimar:

"The aesthetics of the great philosophers of German Idealism teaches us that an art of sound became possible by bringing unity to an original diversity of sounds, that there can be no question of art as long as we hear only a diversity of sounds (or even, originally, only pitches), and that these sounds must rather be placed in relation to one another - it is thus the interrelation of the tones that brings unity to their diversity and forms them into an art.
The factors that serve to establish unity within diversity are tonality, rhythm, meter, tempo, motivic development, melody, thematic development, periodization, etc. (all of these represent the element of causality for music unfolding within the element of time); in a special sense, we are interested here in the first element mentioned, "tonality."
Through the presence of a key, the notes sounding simultaneously and successively are brought into the relationship of tonality; tonality is not an element imposed on the notes that arbitrarily limits them, but rather, it arises from the structure of the note itself, nor is it a sign of poverty or a restriction, but precisely what creates the possibility of the infinite enrichment of the key, of modulation, of the introduction of harmonic elements, of the expansion into the grand cadence, of the alteration of chords, and finally the possibility of the vast realm of dissonance.
In amateur circles, the view often prevails that atonality is synonymous with dissonant music, and that in tonal music, dissonance is supposedly even an impossibility - this is, of course, a completely erroneous view, since it is possible to form thoroughly atonal music from nothing but triads, and it is possible to compose music in tonal music with infinite dissonant structures; our ear, our perception, our receptivity—as we have all experienced—can become extraordinarily accustomed to dissonances, and the ability to still perceive and hear all these dissonances as relating to a tonality can be astonishingly enhanced.
But once the possibility of still recognizing this tonal orientation ceases to exist—and it can no longer be discovered even by the theoretically analytical musician through harmonic analysis—then in this case a very specific and thus clearly defined boundary has been crossed: unity in diversity no longer exists, and tonality is thereby destroyed, leaving only a chaotic diversity of tones, and the essential element that allowed art to emerge from tones has been lost.

According to Hegel, with the abolition of tonality, the dialectical process of the mind is destroyed, without which no single activity of our mind is possible - the boundary between tonality and atonality is therefore by no means an imaginary, blurred line, but rather one that can be clearly defined from the standpoint of the 'philosophy of art.'
Beyond this boundary, the receptivity of our mind will, 'a priori', never apprehend it; our ear will never be able to 'learn to hear' in the sense of art."

Nobbe then very aptly explains the connections between such cultural issues and corresponding political issues:

"Just as there are factors in music that shape unity within diversity (melody, rhythm, tonality, motif formation, etc.), so there are corresponding factors in the life of nations - when we see, then, that these factors are being destroyed: that nationality is disintegrating into the diversity of internationalism, state authority into anarchy, or that a people is destroying its linguistic unity, spreading out across the world and mixing its language with every other language, that a people is abandoning its historical, ethnic, and racial unity, mixing itself with others to live only in a colorful, chaotic diversity, and when we recognize these characteristics in Judaism and recognize them again in Bolshevism, which was born of its spirit, then the application of the term 'art Bolshevism' is not unjustified for a phenomenon such as we recognized in atonality, which, remarkably enough, is represented primarily by Jewish composers."

He concludes his remarks from that time:

"Among the art-Bolshevik elements in music are not only atonality—the dissolution of the unity in diversity created by the key—but also the destruction of rhythmic unity, the unity of meter, the destruction of the motivic unity of a musical piece, but above all the simultaneous destruction of all these factors, for example, in a musical piece that features a new time signature, new rhythmic movements, new motivic structures, and above all, no tonal reference whatsoever in every measure.
A concern for new forms and means of expression solely on the grounds of a rejection of atonality is certainly unfounded; there remains an infinitely rich field of activity for changes in meter, for rhythmic, harmonic, and motivic richness, for sonic impressions, and also for the formation of dissonances as contrasts and transitions, and all of these will attain meaningful, truly artistic possibility, significance, and validity, precisely in a tonally related, non-Bolshevik music."

There is essentially nothing to add to these illuminating words; the initiate is able to delve deeper from them, and even the musical layman will be able to grasp something of the futility of these elementary lines of thought and concepts.

I do not believe that we can speak of a highly educated human spirit in any of the composers of the last human epoch featured in the exhibition, for whoever seeks to constantly push the boundaries of sound combination dissolves our Aryan tonal order - we cannot, after all, regard the great development of tone over a thousand years as an error, but must see in the masterpieces of this mighty era the crowning achievement of the Western spirit; anyone who seeks to blur these boundaries no longer composes in the Western triadic tradition, but aims for the dominance of melody in the wrong sense.

Non-Western peoples also composed melodically, but not polyphonically - for Westerners, polyphonic composition can only then mean: recognizing the freedom of the melodic line within the framework of the higher order of the triad revealed to us by nature; rarely is our belonging to our nature shown to us as clearly and powerfully as in the natural revelation of music.
Even if, in this context, nothing even remotely conclusive can be said about the nature of tonality and the mystery of the triad, I would nevertheless like to point out that we should view the triad as a phenomenon par excellence, one that we can only grasp through feeling; from the wonders that have crystallized from it in all the countless masterpieces, we can also intuitively trace back to the primordial wonder and accept it with faith as a gift from divine nature, and in doing so, I must repeatedly reply to those who confront me with “why” and “how”: the geniuses have provided us with the proof.
One need only be able to read and hear them; then one can also understand their most secret essence and their highest will, or at least grasp them to some extent.

So let the man and the youth who feel the creative urge within themselves consult with themselves, with their national conscience, and seek instruction from those who have never failed, from the messengers of the gods, from the geniuses of our sacred German art; we fight against the corrosive, negating, ice-cold pseudo-spirit that has proclaimed in recent decades that Beethoven and Wagner have nothing more to say to us, and we profess our faith in magnificent Germanic music, whose secret also murmured in the depths of the soul of the greatest German genius and poet, Wolfgang Goethe, who exclaimed:

“Song rises like a genius toward Heaven and stirs the better self within us to accompany it.”

These publications were a breeding ground for musical Bolshevism!

Two Prominent Pioneers of Musical Bolshevism

Adolf Weidmann, a Jew and author of "Musik in der Weltkrise" (*Music in the World Crisis*), illustrated by Fingesten, a Jew

Dr. Heinrich Strobel, who turned the journal *Melos* into a battleground for every attack on German music, and believed he was making history as an "avant-gardist" of Jewish art Bolshevism.

(This illustration was signed by the Jew Dolbin)

"Schönberg..."

"Schönberg is counted among the Columbus-like figures, for he opened up new modes of expression in music: half-suppressed melancholy, stammered fears, premonitions that make the eyes widen to bursting, hysteria that lives within us all, and that host of convulsions - they become sound!"

- **The Jewish music critic Siegmund Pisling on the Jew Arnold Schoenberg**

Two Prolific Jewish Writers

Portrait One - Ernst Toch was a sought-after composer at the music festivals in Donaueschingen and Baden-Baden, as well as at the ADMV's Tonkünstlerfestivals; he managed the remarkable feat of producing an opera titled *Der Fächer* for the 1930 Tonkünstlerfestival in Königsberg, even though not a single act had been written when the work was commissioned.

Portrait Two - Franz Schreker was the Magnus Hirschfeld of opera composers; there was no sexual-pathological aberration that he did not set to music.

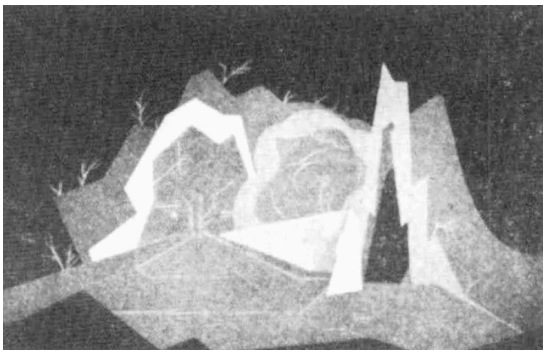
The “Creator” of the "Dreigroschenoper" (Threepenny Opera), Kurt Weill, In Person

and his signature line from "The Threepenny Opera":

“...only those who live in prosperity live comfortably.”

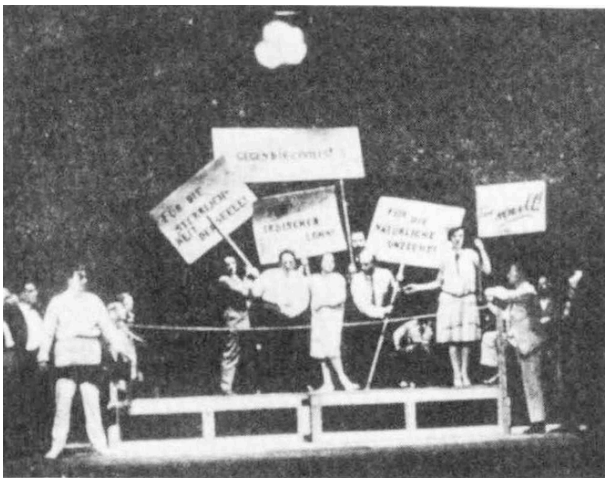
In *Jonny spielt auf*, Ernst Krenek portrayed racial defilement as the freedom of the "new world".

Anton Webern, a "master student" of Arnold Schoenberg, outshone his mentor by a wide margin.



Dissolution not only in the music, but also in the stage design!
Bauhaus artist Oskar Schlemmer called this set design for Schoenberg's madhouse fantasy "Die glückliche Hand" (*The Lucky Hand*) a landscape!

Brecht-Weill: “Mahagonny”



Set design from the world premiere of *Mahagonny* at the “Deutsche Kammermusik 1927” festival in Baden-Baden.

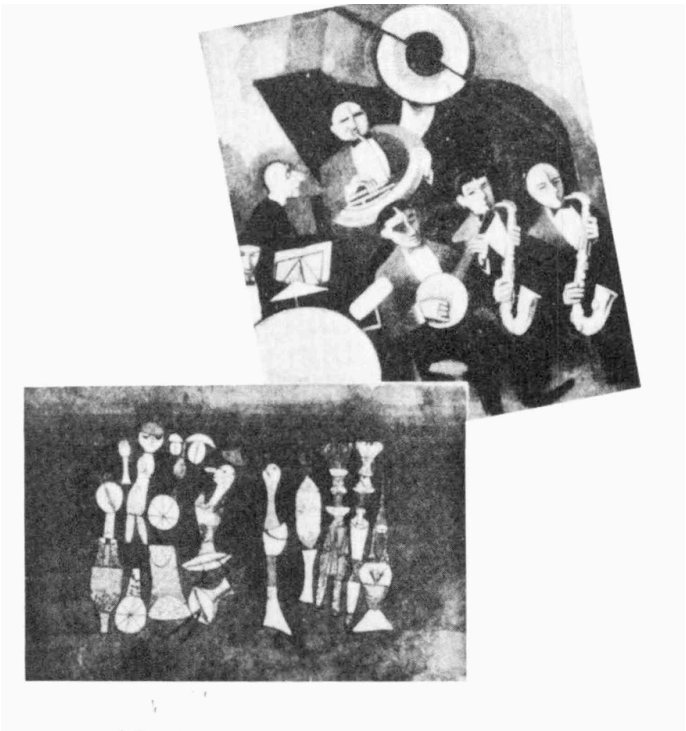
“First, don’t forget, comes the food,
Second comes love,
Third, don’t forget the boxing,
Fourth, drinking, as long as you can.
Above all, however, keep a sharp eye
To make sure we’re allowed to do anything here.”

- such is the motto of “Mahagonny,” a city founded by criminals for the sole purpose of satisfying every base instinct!

The Jewish Operetta Was a Triumph!

Here are Leo Fall (left) and Oskar Straus (right) - other members of the large family of Jewish operetta writers include Leo Ascher, Leon Jessel, Paul Abraham, Heinrich Berte, Victor Hollaender, Hugo Hirsch, Rudolf Nelson, Mischa Spoliansky, Edmund Eysler, Georg Jarno, and Jean Gilbert.

“Degenerate Art” and “Degenerate Music” Go Hand in Hand



Art One: Carl Hofer - “Jazz Band”
Art Two: Paul Klee - “Musical Comedy”

Jews Against Wagner

Otto Klemperer, a Jew, led the all-out attacks against Richard Wagner in his capacity as "General Music Director of the Kroll Opera in Berlin" - his production of "Fliegenden Holländer" (*The Flying Dutchman*) became one of the greatest theater scandals of the Weimar era, and after he had run things into the ground at the "Platz der Republik," he continued his subversive activities at the State Opera "Unter den Linden" with an equally notorious production of *Tannhäuser*.

Klemperer emigrated to the United States after the National Socialists came to power - there he allows himself to be celebrated as a "martyr" and "victim of German barbarism."

Paul Hindemith in Baden-Baden - A Recollection

Paul Hindemith with his wife, the daughter of Ludwig Rottenberg, the Jewish opera conductor in Frankfurt, and his publisher.

In July 1929, Bert Brecht and Paul Hindemith's communist "Lehrstück" (didactic play) premiered in Baden-Baden - the following review of the work appeared at the time in a newspaper in the Ruhr region:

"The performance of the fragment 'Lehrstück' by Bert Brecht and Paul Hindemith transported the audience into the atmosphere of a shooting gallery at a fair.
The setting for this commotion was the Stadthalle, a former gymnasium; hanging from the ceiling as a motto is a poster bearing the slogan: 'Better than listening to music is making music!' An airplane wreck hangs on the wall; next to it is a podium where the orchestra and choir take their seats.
At a table on the podium sit Hindemith, Brecht, and Gerda Müller, who serves as the narrators; from the gallery, a brass band from Lichtenthal plays, and amid its blare, one cannot tell whether they are playing in tune or out of tune.
The audience includes Gerhart Hauptmann, André Gide, and all the ministers from Baden.

The 'didactic piece', presented through various musical, dramatic, and political theories aimed at a collective artistic exercise ***(read: communist tendency)****, deals with the death of a crashed pilot, who, in the form of the tenor Josef Witt in a light summer suit, has taken his place before a music stand.*
The piece, written for connoisseurs, is performed by leading soloists - Weimar concertmaster Strub sits at the first violin desk, Alfons Dressel conducts, and the Holles Madrigalists form the choir.
The choir begins with the final cantata from "Lindberghflug" (The Lindbergh Flight), spiced up by a few piquant wind interjections; then the pilot is lectured on the insignificance of his person: "Bread didn't get any cheaper because of it!"
A discussion ensues about human relationships, in which help for the pilot is refused; the audience can participate in this nonsense by answering questions that, projected onto the screen in simple musical notation, are conducted by Prof. Hindemith.

The film now shows two dances of death by Valesca Gert, whose stark, even repulsive realism becomes unbearable on the bare screen - the first whistles and shouts of disapproval ring out.
This is followed by an examination of whether man helps man: three clowns appear, and one of them has been made larger-than-life using wood and papier-mâché; using real saws and making the accompanying noises, his two accomplices saw off both his feet, his hands, his ears, the top of his skull, and finally his entire skull, with the stumps painted blood-red.
A deafening noise sets in; the audience leaves the hall in droves, and while Hindemith has a march sound, the conclusion is drowned out by the general din; the overwhelming majority of the audience protested against this Bolshevik swindle.

Why did Gerhart Hauptmann remain seated quietly throughout this entire performance and not protest against this disgraceful spectacle; why did Prof. Fritz Jöde, the leader of the youth movement, allow himself and his followers to calmly endure this poisoning of the youth; why did none of those who claim to be 'leaders' rise up against this nonsense?
Never before has a music festival ended on such a discordant note; Hindemith has compromised himself so thoroughly with this opus that hopefully a backlash against this charade will now begin.
The inflation in music must finally be eliminated - it is high time that these 'heroes' step down from the stage; in recent years, their busyness has caused damage that can hardly be repaired, and in Baden-Baden, their true disposition has finally been revealed..."

“Not only for opportunistic reasons, but also for educational ones, refined jazz can only be of benefit to young people - here, a transfusion of fresh Negro blood administered by a tactful musician can only be beneficial.”

- Bernhard Sekles

“Jazz is a matter of the future; jazz can be the beginning of a revolution; jazz is a reflection of the times... Chaos, noise, machines, the highest intensification of extensivity...“

- Paul Stefan, a busy Jewish writer in the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* in 1925

”Jazz is vulgarity; atonality is madness."

- Hans Pfitzner, 1933

The newspaper *Deutschland* wrote very aptly about *Neues vom Tage*:

“It is a kind of buffo style that has as little folk character as is possible - what does the prejudiced theatergoer gain from Hindemith’s sophisticated contrapuntal jokes and tricks, from this endless orchestral clatter, these endless, breathless scraps of purely mechanical mental constructs? If he is looking for melodies, he will search in vain!”

In these trailblazers of the atonal movement—which exhibits parallel phenomena in the creative processes of the visual arts and poetry—we see the principal intellectual architects of intellectual constructivism and the most dangerous destroyers of our national and racial instinct for clarity and purity, the authentic, and the organically grown, and we combat them from the highest vantage point of folk culture as international rootless charlatans.